vol. I no. 6

OCT. 2, 1969

View From The Bottom

HOW MUCH? 25¢

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

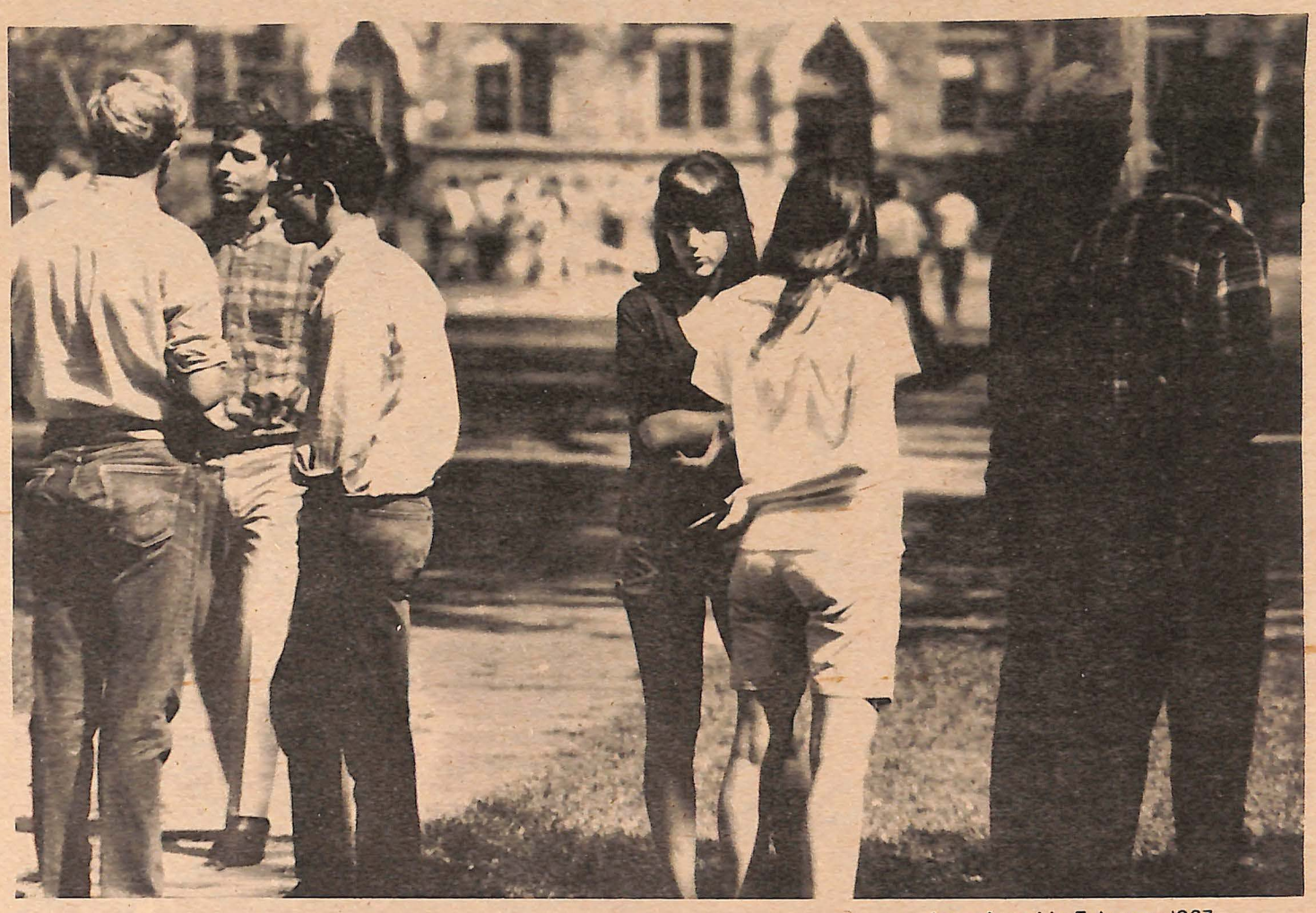
GOOD OL' USA

PLANET EARTH

BACK TO SCHOOL

YEAR OF THE SHE CREATURE

by Virginia Fortino



This fall marks the beginning of what is predicted to be a strange new experience for Yale men—women at the University. This anticipation has been the source of much anxiety on the part of administrators, faculty and students. 'Will the women like it here? Will we like them? Will the social life be like dating your sister? What about Mory's? Are there enough cops? What do women eat? Is there a lady doctor in the house?' All the confusion and debate and questioning would seem to indicate that women are exotic creatures foreign to the experience of most Yale men, but they are foreign only because Yale men have been blind to the needs and feelings of the women they know and because Yale as an institution has consistently ignored the fact that there already *are* women at Yale—on the faculty and the staff, as graduate and professional students and as wives. Perhaps by looking at the way the University has responded to the presence of these women in the past we can get a realistic idea of how it will react to the new undergraduate women.

Mother of Men

Despite all the current talk about the value of women at a university, Yale has all but excluded women from its tenured faculty. Out of a total of some 180, only three are women. Some departments have no women faculty at all, tenured or otherwise, though there is certainly no lack of qualified women. More than 25 women receive their PhD's from Yale itself every year. Yale may be the 'Mother of Men' but it is best that men, not women, do the mothering.

The Distaff Staff

There *is* a sense in which women run Yale University: they operate its elevators, cook its food, clean its bathrooms, order, catalog and keep track of its books, type its manuscripts, answer its phones, open its mail, register its students, and generally handle its daily affairs. In return for these services, the University will pay women in the Federation of University Employees a maximum of only $2.16 per hour, do its best to prevent unorganized clerical employees from forming their own union, break strikes of members of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees with student scab labor and on top of it all have the temerity to ask these same underpaid workers to kick in $10 a year to park.

> **Welcome To Yale!**
>
> 'Treat Yale as you would a good woman. Take advantage of her many gifts, nourish yourself with the fruits of her wisdom, curse her if you will, and congratulate yourself for the possession of her. But treat her with respect. When you leave her as you ultimately must, profit from the education that she has given you.'
>
> Eli Book, 1972

All the special new feminine additions to the Yale scene were never thought to be necessary for the other women who spend many more than four years here. Women employees and faculty were not thought to need a gynecologist on the Department of University Health staff, nor special security for long walks at night (until after three nurses were raped), nor extra protein in their diet.

Too Smart For Their Own Good

Women graduate students have always been treated as strange exceptions to the rule of female inferiority. An article by Bonnie McGregor in the *New Journal* details the kind of psychological assault graduate and professional women must face. Professors and male students pour on the pressure to 'do what normal women do'—find a nice husband and settle down to home-making—and sure enough, many women quit. Those who stay are made to believe that they are somehow special, not like other women. Other women are flighty, undisciplined, intuitive, petty and empty-headed. By teaching a woman contempt for her own sex, Yale teaches her contempt for herself.

One also finds that men don't know how to treat women as people; their classifications include only mother, sister, date. If a woman is none of these, she can expect a response somewhere between hostility and bewilderment. And the pressure is on her to be more intellectually masculine than the men, but if she succeeds at it she is rewarded only with slurs on her femininity. Most trying, perhaps, for the female graduate student is the daily battle she must make against the pervasive attitude that such women as herself are 'too smart for their own good.'

Come On-A My House

In view of its grudging acceptance of the women already here, why did Yale decide it wanted to add women to the undergraduate student body? In a speech to alumni in February 1967, when he first wooed Vassar, President Brewster argued that women would add a new element to the quality of discussion—something like 'the unique, feminine point of view'—and an added bonus would be the training Yale men would [receive in arguing and otherwise dealing with women. 'The inclusion of women students in [classroom] discussions is bound to enrich and enlarge the variety of interests, points of view, and values taken into consideration....I was talking to one gentleman who...said that it certainly is true that at some point it is different arguing with a woman than it is with a man; I could only reply and say that they could never learn that too soon!'

Further, the women could be expected to provide a 'constructive stimulus to a higher level of performance' for all concerned. And just what feminine quality is it that will enable the women to do this? Their wit? wisdom? unique experiences? The answer is, none of the above. The stimulation is to come from what Brewster called their 'strange presence'—a presence that, thirty years ago when students approached learning with less seriousness than they do today, 'might have been of less certain intellectual value.'

R-E-S-P-E-C-T

Yet, when we come right down to it, Yale's most important reason—and the one that was singled out by the Yale News Bureau in their press release—is that the presence of women nearby would 'substantially *raise the moral quality* of the four undergraduate Yale College years [italics added]'.

The women are to be the new conscience of the University. But how does one go about raising the moral quality of life at Yale? Brewster isn't clear, but his attempts to elucidate have intriguing implications. 'The extracurricular challenges [sic] to moral development have long been a special and treasured strength of the Yale College experience. Will the women be the new 'challenge' to Yale men's moral development? It's as if Yale is importing a temptress or two for the purpose of perfecting the men's resistance to evil.

And nice temptresses at that. At Yale, according to Brewster, 'the one area where human relationships have not been rewarded...on a high level of concern for human dignity has been the relationship between the sexes....The here-today-and-gone-tomorrow social life is not conducive to genuinely human concern or the development of responsible relationships.' Yale women will save the men from the necessity to rely on one-night-stands with local girls or, God forbid, another Susie incident. They will be women worthy of Yalies, of their own class and background and fitting helpmates for the 'Leaders of Men.'

> 'Women come in all shapes, sizes and colors. Some are good, others, average, and still others, unmentionable. The better ones wind up as Yale dates, the others....well, you know how it is.'
>
> Eli Book, 1972

Yale has run smack into the problem of how to inculcate the incoming women with an image of itself as an institution sincerely dedicated to women's education. One look at the faculty will show them that Yale has little use for the skills of the woman who has taken her education seriously.

The solution is, naturally, get a grant. Yale has applied to the Esso Foundation for funds to import female 'role models' so the women can get a look at what they might turn out to be. This is consistent with the University's efforts to create in its students an intellectual disdain for their less fortunate sisters typing their way to faculty wife-hood. And it is cruelly unrealistic, for as long as our society requires that women bear the burden of house-keeping and child-rearing and as long as we are required to defer to the needs of our husbands, the fact that more than half the women who hold BA's are full-time housewives will remain fundamentally unchanged

IF BAN WEARS OFF, SUSPENSION'S ON

cr lawn

Rule four under required grooming for boys had been neglected lately. The principal, Mr. George T. Richards owns lots of stock in the company that makes Ban, but the market has not been doing too well recently. So Mr. Richards decided to give the checker who stands inside the gate to make sure no one smokes until he passes outside, a new job. The next morning, as each boy came through the gate he was commanded to "raise your underarms." Under these conditions the checker sold about 100 cans of Ban and Mr. Richards was happy again.

Until he spied the boy without a tie in flagrant violation of rule 1 under required dress for boys. Putting on his best shit-eating grin, Mr. Richards handed the errant urchin a gross six-inch wide tie to wear for the rest of the day as penance and as a reminder of the hour he would spend in detention at the end of the day.

Spying the groovy chick in the miniskirt, the zealous guidance counselor summoned her to the office. She whipped out her measuring stick and abomination!, the girl's skirt was six inches above her knees, two inches too short. "Doff your immodest clothes and get zeros for all your classes until you return," the administrator commanded.

Her beautiful blond hair flowed beneath her waist; it had taken her many years to grow. She was sent home to cut it off.

Cigarette butts piled up inches high on the lavatory floors. Students, not allowed to smoke or carry cigarettes in the halls, repaired to their last sanctuary, the john, to puff the forbidden drag. The warden, masquerading as principal, closed all the johns but two, one for the guys and one for the girls.

It was 2:30 and the cell masked as a detention room was overfilled. In the cell a motley crew: Aaron was there for violating rule three under prohibited dress for boys: he had worn clothes which "envoked undue curiosity." Deborah had used mascara, which was improper under rule two required grooming for girls. Harold had opened a window without asking the teacher's permission. Since she was cold and he was warm, she sent him to detention. Erasmus' sin was browsing in the library without a pass. John's sideburns had crept below his ear-lobes. And brazen Harry thought to leave the cafeteria without permission.

There wasn't enough space in Room D18 to accomodate the long arm of the law. So some were freed on bail and told to report at 7 AM the following morning to serve their sentences.

The school just described is not some Orwellian nightmare. It actually exists. It is not a reformatory, or an exclusive private school, it is the public high school at West Haven. All of the events described have occurred either this year or last except the first (and yes, Virginia, there is a rule about deoderant).

It is true that the rules are not always strictly enforced. I stood outside the gates last week and as I watched the kids leave, I saw some long hair and a few miniskirts. There were no ties, because enforcement of that rule did not begin until this week. However, the rules are enforced arbitrarily. Students were suspended on the first day of school for wearing long hair and sideburns. Most of them have not returned.

Richards maintains discipline with an elaborate system of demerits, suspensions, and expulsions. Demerits are meted out for rule violations and placed on the student's permanent personal record. They jeopardize his employment opportunities because the school maintains an employment referral service and informs prospective employers of demerits. Three demerits result in a suspension, three suspensions in expulsion.

Some grounds for hope remain. Richards has yet to make any rules against breathing, perhaps because there is no longer any good air to breathe in the area anyway.

A group of 30 students which calls itself the Students Non-Violent Revolutionary Committee has formed to fight for revision of the dress code and smoking rules. They are circulating petitions seeking student support, which they will present before the Board of Education meeting next week.

They claim widespread student support, and my casual conversations with students outside the gate vindicate their contention.

"The rules are ridiculous. That's the only way to describe them," said one girl.

"What does having long hair and wearing casual clothes have to do with education?" asked a guy.

"If anything, things are worse than last year," observed another.

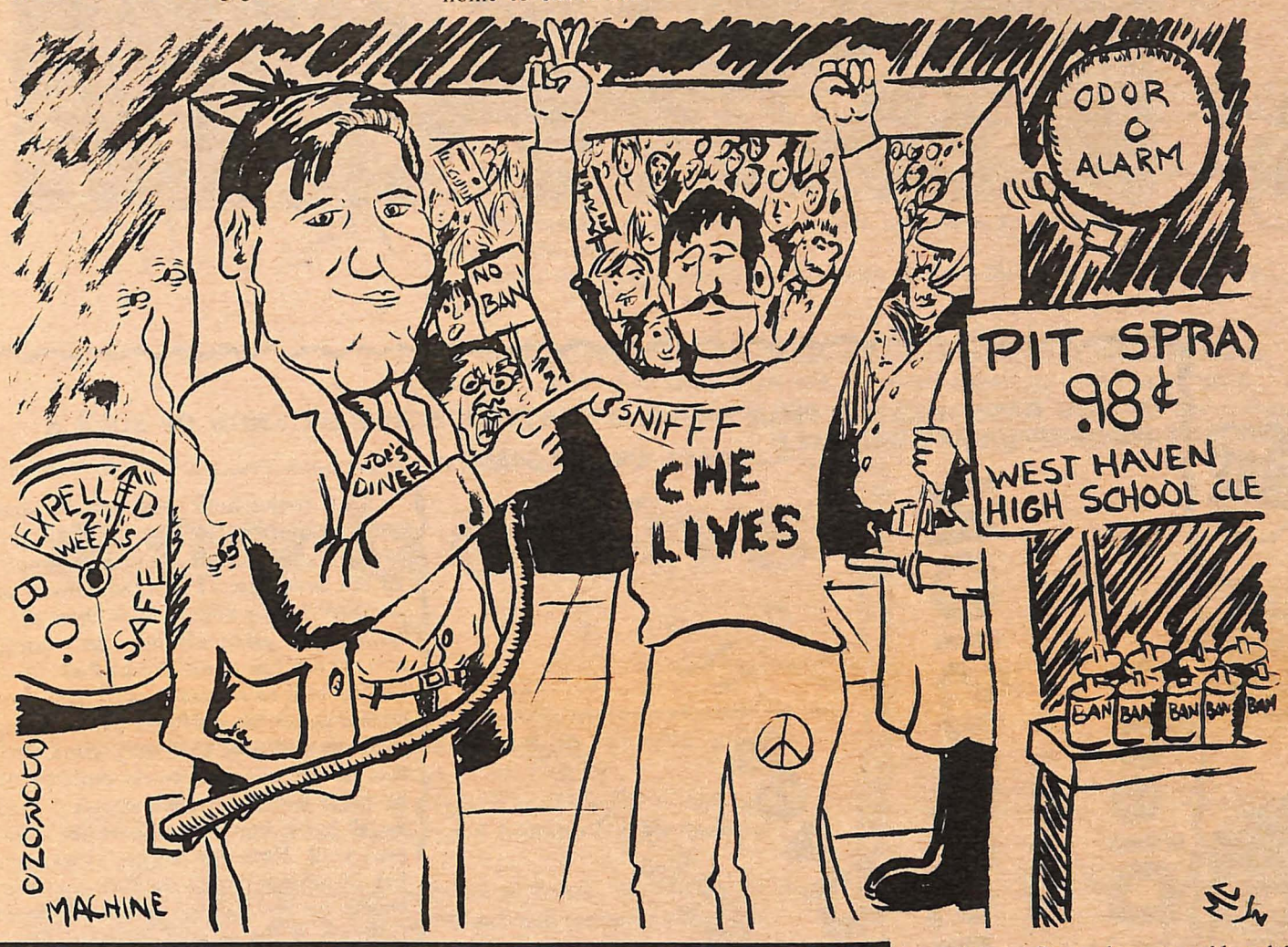
But most kids would be satisfied if they were allowed to grow their hair and come to school without their neckties. *Few had complaints about their education. The students will not be very revolutionary until they extend their analysis of the school's ills beyond hair and smokes.*

Any institution which restricts its subjects in how to look, where to be, and what to do, to the extent that West Haven High does, also defines narrowly how they are to think. Richards' words in the student handbook confirm the suspicion that students are taught to accept mindlessly society's rules:

"Students should remember that conformity to accepted standards of conduct is especially desirable at athletic contests and school-sponsored activities.

Any student who brings disgrace upon himself and the school through scandalous conduct in or out of school is liable to detention, demerits, suspension, or recommendation to the board of education for expulsion."

The student handbook doesn't tell much about education, but contains a plethora of rules, threats, and penalties designed to keep the students in line and to keep them from thinking.



and all the role models in the world won't help.

Better Homes And Gardens

From what we can see from Yale's attitudes toward women in general and its responses (or non-responses) to the women already associated with it, it is clear that this brave venture into coeducation is almost completely an effort to keep women in their place and nice women in a nice place. To this end a huge project has been under way all summer to prepare the campus for the coming 'strange presence.' The project—an expensive undertaking—reminds one of the efforts of a pair of first-time adoptive parents, slightly too old for parenthood, fixing up a special room for the new child and carefully outfitting it with all the things they think a child is supposed to want and need.

Yale's rather pathetically gallant attempts to cater to what it supposes must be the peculiar needs of women have this air of well-intentioned futility.

Nesting Instinct

In order to allow a woman to indulge her feminine desire to 'make her nest,' the University is spending $1000 per girl on furnishings and renovation of rooms. New 'feminine' additions to the Yale dormitory scene will be ironing boards and washing machines (!), hair dryers and full-length mirrors. Add to the $500,000 total refurbishing cost an extra $20,000 for tree planting (they shield the windows), fences and carefully selected shrubs, and you have the total beautification package—paint, trees, and women.

To care for the new women properly, according to John Embersits, the Business Manager, the dining hall will serve more high-protein foods ('it will mean some impact on food cost'), the campus police will try to be more visible ('so the girls will see them patrolling') and extra lights will be installed on the main traffic areas of the campus ('girls want to feel safer and like to have the close proximity of men').

This is not to deny that Yale students deserve clean, functional, attractive rooms, but the effort to beautify the facilities is directed only at the women, as if they were coming to Yale not for the hard business of learning, like the men, but merely for the fun of it.

Moral Quality

Despite all the planning and funding and study and worry, Yale has not come to grips with what education for women really means. Its notions of the meaning of education for men are snobbish and undemocratic: Yale trains 'leaders of men' who will be their 'brother's thinker.' By hoping to fit women into this scheme unobtrusively, the University (and the women) will find that there is no room for women to fill either of these two roles and that a BA from Yale will make it more difficult for them to settle easily into the home-maker role society expects. Because of this contradiction it is possible that the women may be the first sizeable group at Yale to question seriously the purposes and influence of private higher education in this society, and if their questioning turns into challenging, then perhaps the women really will 'raise the moral quality of the four undergraduate Yale College years.'

IF YOU HAVE A LARGE PIECE OF LAND (SEVERAL ACRES) OR KNOW OF SUCH A PIECE OF LAND AVAILABLE CALL US 865-2486

Died ?

THE CONCERT IS NOT DEAD

SUSPENSION

Lives !!!

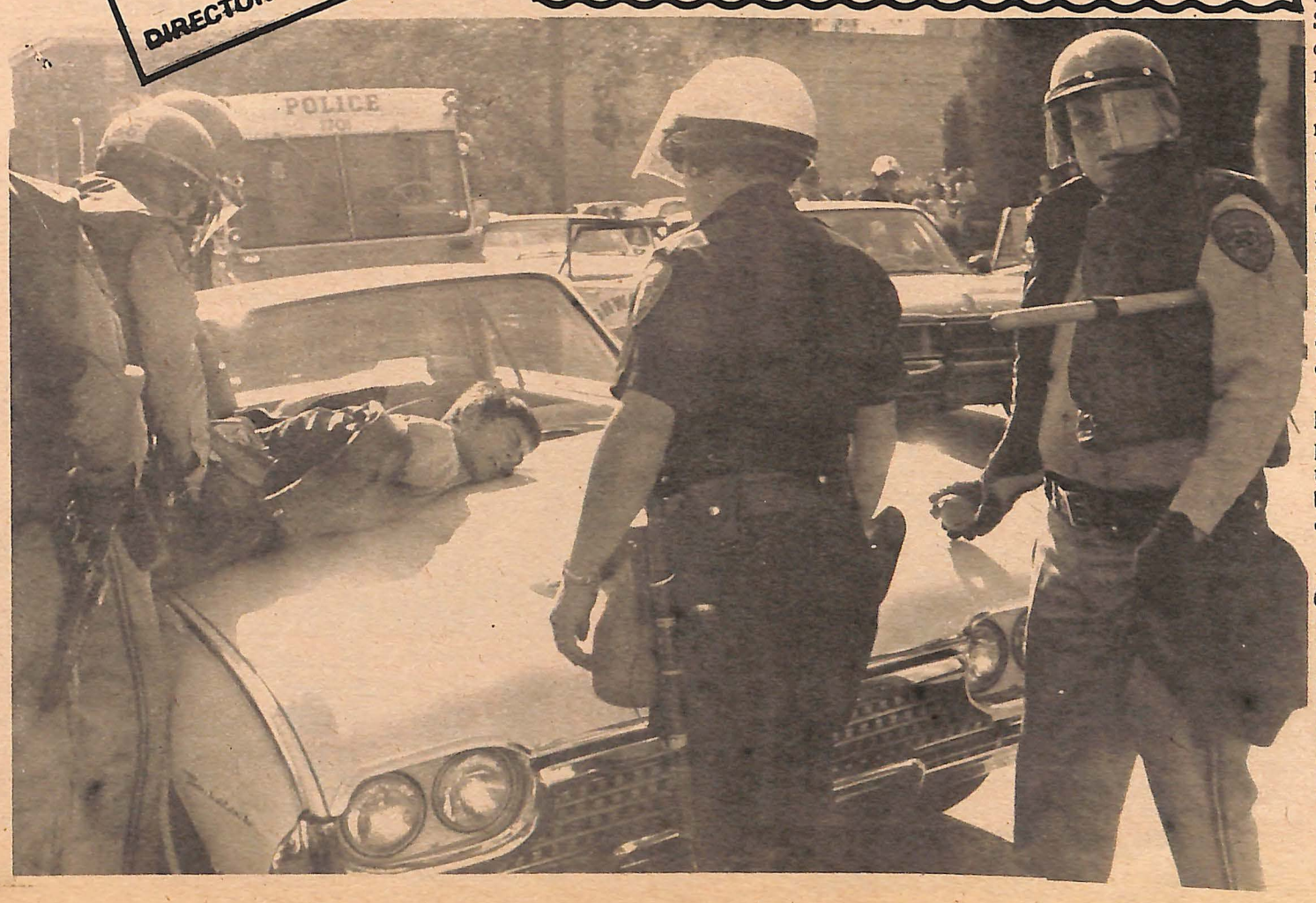
WE WILL STILL HOLD IT IF WE CAN FIND A PRIVATE PIECE OF LAND OUTSIDE OF NEW HAVEN

BAN

A twelve hour rock concert would be a great thing for New Haven. Right? Wrong, or at least that's how it appears to the New Haven Parks Department and the New Haven Police. *View from the Bottom* had planned a noon to midnight concert for Lighthouse Point Park featuring the best local rock groups. But you need a permit to use their park. So we go down and play their silly games and the man says there'll be no problem. But he needs approval from the police. And we all know how Ahern loves the *VFB* (and you). Next day we get a call: sorry, but Lighthouse Park's facilities are inadequate for the "several thousand" people expected at the concert. Bullshit! The park easily handles over 5000 people on any good beachday.

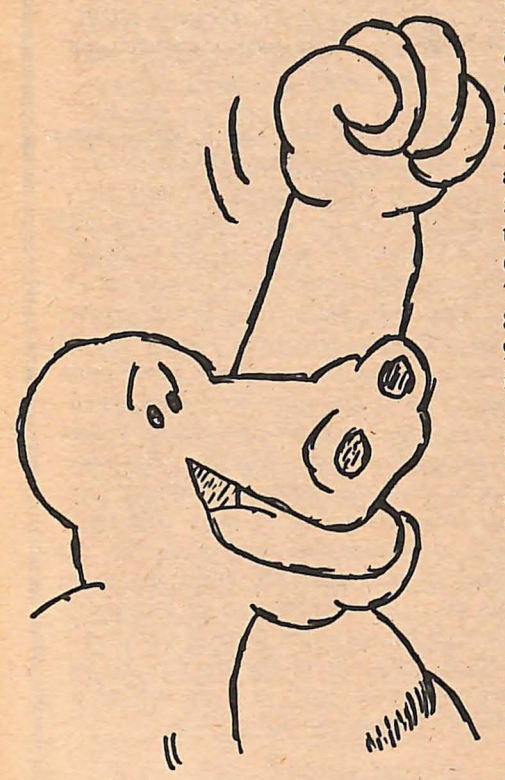
So we get a lawyer and set up an appointment with Mr. Nastri of the Parks Department. Chief Egan is there representing Ahern. It seems that the Chief of Police makes the estimate of how many people will attend. How he arrives at this figure only Ahern knows. So all of a sudden he's estimating a crowd crowd of 25,000 (in a week it'll be a million). And some people might come high and there's no telling what they might do. And you need 75 cops to control a crowd that size. (Remember Woodstock.) And cops get five dollars an hour. Of course Chief Egan wouldn't send his men in without protection. So there they'll be with billyclubs and guns just in case. Remember Chicago. Remember Berkley. Then you know what fun a concert patrolled by cops with billy clubs would be.

So there'll be no concert in New Haven? Wrong. We're looking for some private land outside New Haven to hold the concert on. Anyone having any bright bright ideas, call us. Please.

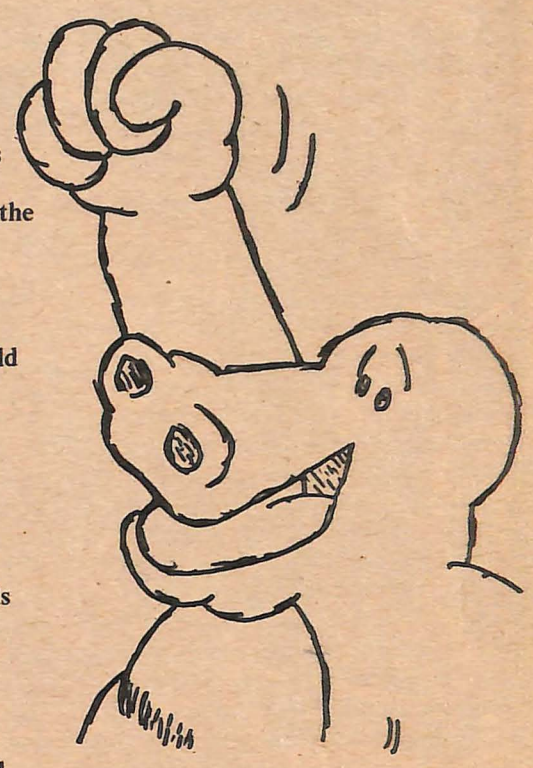


The Advocate Press
75 DAGGETT ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN. 06511. (203) 777-0000.

PTA PLATFORM



1. The New Haven Green should be turned into a swamp and the name changed to Everglades North.
2. City Hall and the Whalley Avenue Jail should be refurbished and turned into low income housing so that they might serve the interests of the people.
3. An immediate end to all pollution of air and water in the city. This would entail the immediate sinking of all ships that pollute the harbor and the shutting down of all industries that pollute the air and water until they comply with the no pollution standard.
4. The introduction of a public education system to the city of New Haven. It is about time that a city of this size had a school system that tought people.
5. The conversion of Yale into a community college in order that it might serve the the interests of the people of the city it has sucked off for so long.
6. Free rock concerts in the city whenever anyone feels like having one.
7. The taking of guns from those who misuse them, which means the police.
8. Softer paper in city rest rooms.
9. Refuse to allow any instrument of the U.S. Military within the city. This would include draft boards, induction centers, ROTC and recruiting offices.
10. All beaches and seashore must be turned over to the people in the form of public areas at once. No one has the right to own access to the ocean.
11. All private property should be turned over to the people of the city. The ownership of property by individuals is in the worst interests of the people of the city.
12. The end of all laws that prohibit having fun in the city without a permit.
13. Free housing, free food and free anything else to anyone who wants or needs them.
14. The establishment of a People's City, which would be a logical enlargement of a People's Park.
15. Free television or radio time to anyone who wants to say something to the people of the city.
16. A moratorium on all parking tickets and amnesty for those who haven't paid theirs.



Rufus announced the above platform from his residence in Gainsville Florida where he is still on vacation. If elected, he said, his first act would be to call a mass meeting for all those in the city to see if they wanted any of the above done.

soybeans
UNLIMITED

Guy Nassberg

People who don't have much money usually fill their stomachs with starchy meat substitutes. Unfortunately, dry beans, peas, rice, macaroni, and spaghetti just don't have the protein content of meat.

The only meat substitute worth its weight (and the price) is soybeans. Soybeans supply lots of protein, calcium, and B-vitamins. They have no starch content.

I know a few people who intentionally eat soybeans. Most of us get them whether we want to or not, as filler in commercially prepared soups and packaged foods (Lipton's plays all kinds of tricks to give you more soybeans than meat, and get around Federal regulations), in margerine, etc... Few people ever investigate their use as a main course.

So here are a few nice-sounding recipes. Too often I have no time to cook after work, so I can't vouch for anything but their nutritive value. Readers are invited to send angry letters if the meals turn out bummers.

Perhaps the View from the Bottom staff will begin sampling recipes at communal meals. Perhaps I will be purged from the staff after the first case of food poisoning.

Good luck.

Tomato Soybean Broth

1 cup cooked soybeans	4 cups tomato juice
1 small onion cut fine	2 small green peppers cut fine

Steam onion and green pepper 10 minutes. Add mashed soybeans and tomato juice. Heat but do not boil. Dot with butter (if you can afford it) and serve.

NOTE TO MARGERINE USERS: Try to avoid intake of saturated fats (hydrogenated). Partially hardened margerines, esp. ones that stay relatively soft when chilled, are best.

Soybean Loaf

3 cups soybeans, cooked	½ cup cooked tomatoes
1 small onion, chopped	½ cup green pepper, chopped
1 tbsp. salad oil	

Mash cooked soybeans and mix with remaining ingredients. Season to taste and bake in oiled loaf pan for 1 hr. in moderate oven. Serve with tomato sauce.

Soybean Egg Loaf

½ lb. soybeans, cooked	2 eggs
½ cup thinly sliced celery	1 small onion
2 tbsp. parsley, chopped	2 tsp. salt

Put soybeans through grinder. Beat eggs well. Mix all ingredients and mold into loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes.

Vegetable Salad

Combine soybean sprouts, water cress and carrots. Top with dressing.

HEY!

Do You Want ?

SCRIBE

WE NEED WRITERS

WE NEED ARTISTS

WE NEED EDITORS

WE NEED POETS

WE NEED BUSINESSMEN

WE NEED ADVERTISING MEN

WE NEED HAWKERS

WE NEED SOMEONE TO HANDLE DISTRIBUTION

WE NEED SOMEONE TO HANDLE ADVERTISING

WE NEED SOMEONE TO HANDLE BUSINESS

WE NEED PEOPLE TO MAN THE OFFICE

WE NEED TYPISTS

CAN YOU HELP US?

Which ?

ON $ OFF

IF YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS YOU WOULD LIKE TO SHARE WITH US

COME TO AN OPEN MEETING, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25 AT

7:30 PM AT THE VFB OFFICE 532 STATE STREET

JOIN THE ARMY LEARN A TRADE

The following article was excerpted from letters written while the author was undergoing basic training this past spring. He remains anonymous because he is still in the army. He is by no means a radical. In fact, he was unwilling to file for conscientious objection prior to entering the service because he did not regard himself as a pacifist.

We were shipped down to Ft. Jackson, S.C., which is a real hole, for basic combat training, and our two years of bullshit began. That one word bullshit sums up the army from head to toe. Threats are idle, promises forgotten, and the level of instruction on a seventh-grade level. One of the first things learned, and indeed much of the value of basic training, was to screen out the essentials of what you were told and to know when they meant business, which was seldom. One finds out that one just does what they want, nothing more and less if possible. One becomes an expert at getting out of assinine details (work parties, that is). They don't appreciate it if you do anything extra. For example, they often said that the platoon winning that Saturday's inspection would have passes that weekend. So some poor slobs in other platoons stayed up all night cleaning, while ours, which fortunately had a more savvy consensus, went to bed at a reasonable hour after doing an adequate cleaning job. After the inspection, it turns out that the whole company would go on pass anyway, so they did all that work for nothing. Typical. Or they threatened to double-time us out to the ranges if we didn't march right, but we knew that we were in even better shape than the dumb-ass drill sergeants, and that they couldn't run very far without pooping out. Thus we knew that even if we did run, it wouldn't be very far. I must admit that things got pretty tough physically at times, though. They punished us at the beck of their whims, and you got it whether you were squared away or not. They also practice the idea of punishing the many for the sins of the few, with a vengeance, mainly because they were too stupid and lazy to be able to pick out the true offenders, at least not until the eight week training period was almost over. The drill sergeants for basic have to be the dregs of the world. They are at the bottom of even the whole army. What they know is how to march and harass the trainees. There were a few that were ordinary mortals, but most of them weren't regular DI's, but guys just back from Vietnam with just a few months of service time remaining.

The whole idea of basic training was to break you down so that you take and obey any orders. They have to make you inhuman so that you can kill others, which I am convinced is the only way normal people can become killers. Basic is a programmed course for killing—they say so and they are right. It doesn't go to such drastic lengths, though, although they say you lose any hangups about killing once you start getting shot at in Vietnam. When we do bayonet training, the instructor will yell (the only way that talking is done in Basic), "What's the spirit of the bayonet?", to which we replied, "To kill, to kill, to kill without mercy." Many of us had to do all that we could to keep from laughting. To do so and be seen by one of the DI's would have meant a lot of push-ups.

For a non-combatant, all of this is absolutely useless. But I guess that if I ever had to fight, I would want all the training I could get, because I'd have to turn into an animal, doubtlessly with something of a permanent psychological change. It is all a very unpleasant prospect, but when in the army, I and others who think deeply as you and I do have to face such hard facts. Man is simply still inhuman in many ways. He can be beautiful and very ugly. Don't feel any allegiance to this business, the military in general. They feel none to you, and would't appreciate your hard thoughts and tough decisions. People just get caught up in it, pushed partly because the laws push them, and partly because it's the easy way psychologically to go. Being gung-ho is really for most a devensive mechanism, an easy way out. While in the army, people leave you alone if you go along with the system. I think that this experience enables me to see how it must have been in Hitlerian Germany. Everyone climbs into his own niche, and shuts his mind and eyes. He fills out the forms; that is his job. Most of the administrative jobs are just that. It is a truly atomized society.

There are so many rules that they can be applied or not applied almost at will. No one knows them all, so most times an argument can be won simply by quoting some Army Regulation. There might not even be such a regulation, but here it is the appearances that count and not the substance. If one appears to know what one is doing, one is generally deferred to and accepted as being correct. Like right now, I am typing this letter on company time, but I look like I am working furiously, so the sergeants don't say anything.

Appearances really count for a lot. I have become pretty good at shamming, but the frequent times that I slip up have been when I have just become too disgusted with it all and said what was on my mind or acted as I felt I should act. It often becomes a delicate balance.

Our local village idiot, the sergeant in charge, who is an E-8, the second from the top enlisted rank, just came over and saw me typing this. He saw something about our officer and said, "You're not putting in anything about me, are you?" So I'll tell you something about this character. He is totally obnoxious, and shows definite childish traits. He farts loudly and laughs at it and makes bad cracks. Everything is done on his own schedule, i.e. taking pop bottles down to the basement or going across the street to get some forms, etc., despite what you may be doing at the moment. This incidentally, is characteristic of the army a superior will always insist that his work be done first, for by definition it is always more important, even though reality may be different. This E-8 is a master at licking the asses of people above him, which is the way to get ahead. But I have little doubt that those who are supposedly his friends would fall by the wayside and get trampled if they ever stood in his way for advancement.

Our officer delights in finding out about people who are trying sto stretch the AR's for their own benefit. One guy had come down on levy several times, but had gotten off each time for any number of reasons, even though they were probably false classic stalling tactics, which any draft counselor is familiar with, only applied within the army. This guy at last had about 7 months to go in service. He immediately volunteered for VN service, which would take about two months to process, and thus put under the magic 6 months mark after which one is not sent overseas. Our officer finally realized that this guy had been taking the army for a ride, which he was and beautifully so. He had the volunteer request processed through his office quickly, then hand-carried to the post headquarters, and then had a direct phone call put into DA to insure that the guy was put on the next levy, making it over the six month barrier. I don't know what has resulted, but I suspect that the dude is on his way to VN now. The officer was so certain of his own righteousness in the case that he probably even stretched the rules himself in doing what he did, by not using the proper channels.

ONLY THE DEAD CAN HEAR THE WINNING

dark water
running over me
rusting me
we wait for a time to eat
the red canned meat
I see you running
so hot
so long
under me
your breasts
too large
to reach
the 3.5 rocket launcher
light weight
light green
one eye pounding
watching us
saying nothing
Now
there will be time to save the brass
time to kiss the lifer's ass
time to die for the standard pay
or one good lay
te
the 16's pray
we wait
the stars are now too high to reach
and I too low to teach
after I have walked in mud puddles with little kids
talked with ladies in rest rooms
now that I know
I will not clean my M16
there will be time to turn the rifles in
we can not hear winning
over the dying
running full strength
without water
for days.
they will let us die for
the standard
pay
(Lay Lie.)

inside the wire
i can
i cannot hear
sandbags h

sandbags keep me in
my M16 mudfilled, lightweight
downrange
dust cover open
watches
saying nothing
The M16's spray
there will be time to pick up the brass
time to get it in the ass
we all wait
each man his own plastic green bag
his own gods
with green eyes we wait against the dawn
Now only the dead can hear the winning
and the dying

general hershey bar

I've heard a lot of talk recently about draft reform. What are the chances and what will it mean?

The chances are slim and it would mean next to nothing anyway. There is no prospect at all for either a lottery or elimination of the draft. All Nixon might do is change the order of call to draft 19 year olds, oldest first, instead of 19-26 year olds, oldest first. But if you've had a student deferment you are considered 19 when you graduate. Since most draft boards are down to drafting their 19 year olds anyway, the change would accomplish nothing. Why the reluctance to do anything? Because keeping a guy off balance for 7 years is an efficient way of keeping him working in the "national interest." Do you know any teachers who are there because of the draft? General Hershey may look dumb, but actually he's one of the three most dangerous men in America (right behind Bert Parks and Art Linkletter).

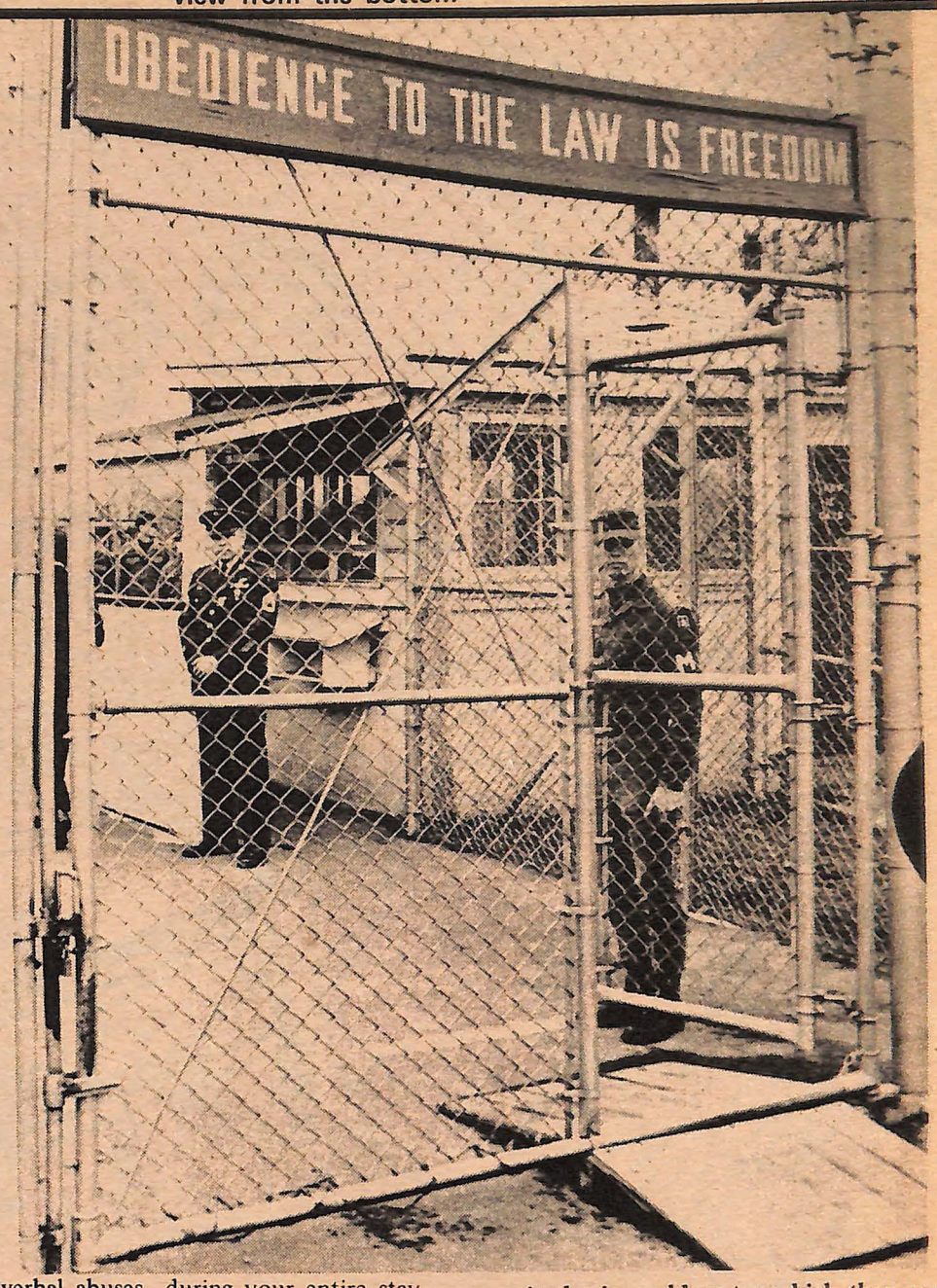
Is having a baby a guaranteed deferment?

It certainly is! But if your wife or girlfriend has the baby, only sometimes. If there's a baby or a pregnant women in the household and there is a "family relationship" involved, or if you are supporting the kid, you can get a III-A fatherhood deferment. But if you requested and received an undergraduate II-S after July 30, 1967 you are not eligible. What if you were in school then but never requested the II-S? Well, it gets a little tricky, so drop into the office at 532 State Street and we'll tell you all about it. Meanwhile keep those letters coming.

General Hersheybar is a member of a local draft board who for some reason wishes to remain anonymous. Write him, c/o VFB, 532 State St., New Haven.

JOIN THE NAVY ... SEE THE BRIG

mark caliendo



It's not there any longer, at least not there physically, psychologically the Brooklyn Brig is implanted as a deep red scar on my brain. I believe today, although I did not know it then that the experience was one of the greatest single contributions to my radical thinking of today, therefore I wish to thank you United States Navy for planting the seed of awareness, for I was blind.

I had been stationed on the USS Canberra (a guided missile cruiser) for approximately six months, August thru November 1961.

At this time I was also on restriction, and at hard labor, for disrespect to an officer and striking an officer, who incidentally hit me first. While I was on restriction (not allowed to leave the ship), the Canberra returned to its home port at Norfolk, Va., at which time I jumped ship and went AWOL.

I was AWOL for 35 days when I decided to turn myself in at Brooklyn Naval Receiving Station. When I entered and informed the officer on deck that I had been AWOL, he immediately placed me on restriction to the base to await a Special Court Martial. The waiting plus being restricted again soon got to me, I obtained a liberty pass (ripped one off) and left the base, thus breaking restriction once again. Realizing the charges were piling up against me I decided to return again after ten days. This time I was escorted directly to the Brig to await my court martial.

While awaiting court martial in the brig you are not actually assigned to the main brig, but sort of a cell block area which has all the characteristics of the real thing, such as bars on the windows. On a very cold January evening I and four cohorts decided to try an escape (a crime that calls for a mandatory two year sentence at Portsmouth Naval Prison), and were successful.

Within a week I was apprehended by Shore Patrol in New Haven, at which time I faked amnesia and was turned over to the West Haven Veteran's Hospital Mental Ward. After two days I was taken by ambulance in a strait jacket to St. Alban's Naval Hospital, and and was placed in a padded cell, sans clothes, and told by the Chief shrink, "You will be released as soon as you start remembering."

Fine rehabilitation program, what if I were really sick?

Well two days later I had had it, I copped out, was transferred by armed guards (handcuffed to two of them) back to the Brig. No games this time, they'd had it with me. My head was shaved and I was put into a 4 by 6 foot cell, all concrete, very cold, no blanket, no mattress, shoes, socks, belt. The steel door had a one foot square section of bars at about eye level. They made me stand at attention, with my nose against one of the bars for 16 hours that day, then they allowed allowed me to sleep for 8, on the concrete floor. Up until this time I had not eaten anything, nor had been offered any water. The one time I asked the guard he poked me in the face with a night stick and said something like, "Shut yer mouth, shithead, if ya think yer hurtin now, just wait a bit!"

I didn't sleep much on that cold goddamned floor. At what I estimated to be about 5 a.m. the guard on duty told me to get to the rear of the cell, face the wall and don't turn around till you hear the cell door close, and I immediately complied. The door then opened, and about two or three buckets of dirty water (used for cleaning floors, with the unmistakeable odor of urine) were dumped into my cell, completely covering the floor. The door was closed, the guard told me to resume my position of attention, nose to the bars again, bare feet in the water.

While standing at attention in front of the cell door I started shaking involuntarily, at first I thought it was due to the cold, but then other things started happening, all the muscles in my body seemed to twist into one immense knot, at the same time tears were streaming down my face in torrents, I grasped the bars in front of me and screamed, but was told to shut the hell up. The next thing I remember was my head and body crashing against the door as my mind kept screaming, out, out you mothers can't keep me in here, crash, smash, smash, smash, harder, and harder, I smashed against the door again, and again, my nose was bleeding from the force with which I kept hitting the door, hysterical now, laughing a laugh that was very unfamiliar, laughing at the astonished look on the guard's face, laughing at him telling me to stop, calm down, calm down.... the guard said CALM DOWN HA HA HA HA YOU STUPID MOTHER FUCKER I'M GONNA KILL YOU, KILL YOU YOU DIRTY BASTARD, SMASH SMASH SMASH THE DOOR WENT DOWN!!!!! I'M FREE FREE FREE FREE, the guard paled with fear, the cell door and cement pieces lying flat in front of him, the other prisoners screaming GET HIM, GET HIM, GET HIM, he breaks and runs for the cell block door and gets out just in time (I believe if I had caught him I would have killed him), I can't stop screaming now, screaming and sounds sirens, bells, voices, all sorts of funny sounds in my head, there's a bunch of guards outside the cell block door now, it opens and I charge into them, clubs everywhere my head, body, pain starts to creep through my rage, too much pain.....

I open my eyes as far as they will open, and try to determine where the hell I am, it's very dark, I can't see anything, I'm lying on a concrete floor, I can't move my arms, they're tied behind me, DARK CELL, I'd heard one of the prisoners mention it, three days bread and water, why the hell do I have a strait jacket on? My legs are so swollen I can hardly move them. As I lay there I started recollecting what had actually happened, but I no longer feel anger, I feel nothing except empty, very empty, and very, very beaten.

I was visited the same day by the Brig psychiatrist. He asked me how I felt, if I was alright and I replied, "Yes I'm fine, just fine." I had to look up at him, wincing from the pain. That's about all he had to say except that he did mention something about starting a private practise in New York City, and if I would like to call on him when I was released..... He did remove the strait jacket.

I spent the next three days in solitary, on bread and water.

After those first trying days things weren't so bad, I was released from solitary and put into INDOCTRINATION, a program which is supposed to ready you for the constant harassment, beatings, verbal abuses during your entire stay. After indoctrination, I was transferred to a cell block with approximately 60 other prisoners.

The daily routine consists of arising at 4:30 AM, doing calisthenics for an hour and a half until 6:00 AM, then getting your gear ready for morning wash up, and shaving (one razor every month), brushing your teeth, up and down, the guards miming in the background.

6:15, back in your cell block, dressed and standing at attention, awaiting the word to fall in to march half step double time to the chow hall. NO TALKING signs are everywhere, also on the walls are letters from various large companies, telling you that none other than an honorable discharge will get you a job with them, rah, rah, horseshit.....

After chow, marching time again back to your cell block, sit in a little white square on the floor and wait for the cigarettes to be distributed, 5 minutes for a smoke three times a day, when that's out of the way you await the arrival of your mops and pails, for now its time to play house, and house you do play all day long.

Now comes dinner time, oh excuse me I forgot to mention shit breaks, you're allowed two a day, in the commune shithouse, about fifteen bowls side by side with no partitions between them, really great fun.

And now it's write your letter home hour, if half of what you write gets out you must have something going with one of the guards, then its shower time, strip down in your cell block, march to the shower room, get locked inside and await the ice cold water which they generously bestow upon you for about fifteen minutes, no soap, but maybe towels? UH UH, shit no!, you lie on the floor and ROLL back to your cell block, which does dry you off.

That's about a routine day, unless of course you have to go for whirlpool bath therapy for bruises inflicted by the guards. Although my left leg was in the terrible shape I explained earlier, I wasn't to be excused from any of the exercises, marching etc., plus I had to go for treatments three times a week accompanied by the guards who beat me in the first place, and who beat on the same wounds some more, "for kicks," as one said.

Or then of course you could get the ash can treatment, they stuff you into a galvanized ash can (the big ones) and one guard sits on the cover while two or three others beat on it for about twenty minutes with their night sticks. Of course you do have to realize that they're only trying to help you, straighten you out, because you have to be a shithead if you're in the Brig in the first place, and a shithead is what you have to call yourself whenever you're addressing a guard, SHITHEAD CALIENDO REQUESTS PERMISSION TO TAKE A SHIT SIR!, at which they usually reply, "ya got one minute shithead" and if you're not finished in that time, you get off the john anyway, unless you want some more lumps.

During all this I had a General Court Martial, charges against me made up about two volumes that read like the Nuremburg Trials. I was lucky, I had served SAM well for a couple of years before I got out of LINE. My quarterly evaluation reports until then were satisfactory. My sentence was pretty light considering all the rules I had broken-- 6 months at hard labor (THE BRIG), busted to RECRUIT, forfeiture of all pay during that period, and an UNDESIRABLE DISCHARGE, the last of which I appealed and had changed by a civilian lawyer to a GENERAL DISCHARGE under honorable conditions whatever the hell that is supposed to mean. I was released 45 days early for good behavior, and discharged on April 24, 1962, WHAT A TRIP.....

THE WATER LILLIES

We walked
into that
hot july night ambush
looking for morning flowers
to float
downstream
like rafts
and
the lead gooks
like babies
laugh
belly down
and kiss
the water lillies red
dying For a peace...

School
Days
©1969
akwai

School Days
GO TEL
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akwai

A
B
C
E
GO TET
LUNCH

riot of the month

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
or fester like a sore–
and then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over–
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

This poem by Langston Hughes is a moving commentary on the riots which ravaged the city of Hartford during the first week of September. But the Hartford riots were more than a simple response to an unfulfilled dream. They were an expression of opposition to a racist society which systematically excludes non-whites from the mainstream of American life.

"The single overriding cause of the rioting... was not any one thing-- unemployment, lack of education, poverty, exploitation-- but all those things and more, expressed in the insidious and pervasive white sense of the inferiority of black men." (Tom Wicker) When one understands that the violence of a riot is a response to social conditions, and when one also understands that America is a racist society whose oppression of non-whites is a cold, hard fact, then the rioting such as that which took place in Hartford, comes clearly into focus.

Hartford's rioting broke out September 1 in the North End as Puerto Rican youths surrounded the Fire House, broke through the windows, and attempted to destroy the equipment. Police broke up the group with tear gas. Soon snipers shooting from roof tops and windows on Kennedy St. drew return fire from policemen armed with high-powered rifles. Five policemen, one receiving a bullet wound, were injured. "The area was wracked by widespread looting, sporadic shootings, rock and bottle throwing, bonfires and fires in the buildings." (*Hartford Courant*). Glass and debris cluttered the streets and broken water hydrants filled part of Main St. knee-deep with water.

A curfew was enforced starting Tuesday night, but things did not quiet down until Thursday. Hundreds of black and Puerto Rican youths roamed the North End Wednesday night throwing fire bombs and bricks, looting, and tipping over cars. Over 500 arrests were made during the week, and the Hartford police station held almost three times the number of prisoners its facilities are built for.

Governor Dempsey and Mayor Ucello have called for stiff penalties in order to convince looters that violence is unacceptable. The governor said, " Speaking generally, I believe that civil disturbance, violence, and destruction of public and private property is absolutely uncalled for and cannot be tolerated." The City Council passed a resolution calling for 'swift and strong' punishment for those arrested.

Mayor Ucello called the riot the work of "agitators." As usual, these "agitators" were neither produced nor named.

Several observers have asserted that two direct reasons for the initial sparking of violence were the fatal shooting of a car theft suspect (of course black) and an article in the *Hartford Times* quoting firemen calling Puerto Ricans "pigs."

The fundamental causes of the rioting, racism and discrimination, have been almost totally ignored in the response of the power structure to the disturbances. The governor, city council, and mayor have all urged a 'get tough' attitude oriented towards maintaining order and enforcing the law. Very few people have even spoken of (let alone concerned themselves with) the issues of justice and equality for non-whites. As a black New York police official said in relation to law and order, "It's not so simple as just maintaining the law when you know from personal experience that the people breaking it are being victimized by the same law."

So rioters are not just crazy people, insanely trying to cut down everything around them; they are human beings, attempting even if irrationally to force white America to accept their humanity. Cleaver has written, "We shall have our manhood, or the earth shall be levelled in our attempt." Tom Wicker writes, "(rioters) are a time bomb ticking in the heart of the richest nation in the world."

Riots are desperate, irrational attempts to attract attention and find some inroad in an exclusive society. More and more people are realizing that, as LeRoi Jones once said, "...in the cities, which were once the black man's twentieth century "Jordan", **promise** is a dying bitch with rotting eyes." Revolutions are born out of hope, not despair, and when the brothers on the block start getting together and realizing where the power **really** lies and what the Man is **really** up to, the long hot summers of rioting will seem like the good ole days.

BUST OF THE WEEK

Twenty-five FBI agents vamped on Panther headquarters on Orchard Street Friday, and busted New Haven Captain Doug Miranda for "obstructing justice," a federal rap. The charge grew out of the alleged stolen car conspiracy of August 6.

The government sought to hold Miranda on $25,000 bail, but the U.S. Commissioner decided to let Miranda go because he was already out on $25,000 bond arising from the previous charge.

As Miranda was led away, he made an upside-down V with his handcuffed fists over his head and said, "see what the pigs do to you." After his release, state pigs used that action to bust him again. This time the charge was abusing an officer and resisting arrest. Miranda was sprung on $200 bond after several hours.

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GUTENBERG'S BIBLE... REVISED

bob roth

Observation, Bernard explains (in *The Study of Experimental Medicine*), consists in noting phenomena without disturbing them, but "Experiment... implies... the idea of a ... disturbance that (is brought in to) the conditions of natural phenomena... We suppress an organ in the living subject,... we deduce the function of the living organ."

J.Z. Young, writing on *Doubt and Certainty in Science*, notes (pp. 67-8):

> The effect of stimulations, external or internal, is to break up the unison of action of some part or the whole of the brain. A speculative suggestion is that the disturbance in some way breaks the unity of the actual pattern that has previously been built up in the brain. The brain then selects those features from the input that tend to repair the model and to return the cells to their regular synchronous beating.... This [illegible] of models in our brain... has great possibilities in showing how we tend [illegible] fit ourselves to the world and the world to ourselves. In some way the brain initiates sequences of actions that tend to return it to its rhythmic pattern, this return being the act of consummation, or completion. If the first action performed fails to do this, fails that is to stop the original disturbance, then other sequences may be tried. The brain runs through its rules one after another, matching the input with its various models until somehow unison is achieved. This may perhaps only be after strenuous, varied, and prolonged searching. During this random activity further connections and action patterns are formed and they in turn will determine future sequences.

The inevitable drive for closure, completion, or equilibrium occurs both with the suppression and the extension of human sense or function. Since *The Gutenberg Galaxy* is a series of historical observations of the new cultural completions ensuing upon the "disturbances," first of literacy, and then of printing, the statement of an anthropologist may interest the reader at this point:

> Today man has developed extensions for practically everything he used to do with his body. The evolution of weapons begins with the teeth and the fist and ends with the atom bomb. Clothes and houses are extensions of man's biological temperature-control mechanisms. Furniture takes the place of squatting or sitting on the ground. Power tools, glasses, TV, telephones, and books which carry the voice across both time and space are examples of material extensions. Money is a way of extending and storing labor. Our transportation networks do what we used to do with our feet and backs. In fact, all man-made material things can be treated as extensions of what man once did with his body or some specialized part of his body. (Edward T. Hall, *The Silent Language, p. 79*)

That outering or uttering of sense which is language and speech is a tool which "made it possible for man to accumulate experience and knowledge in a form that made *easy transmission and maximum possible use.*" (Leslie A. White, *The Science of Culture*, p. 240).

Closure, the need for completion-- given two angles a subject will translate them as a triangle-- closure is often used in advertising, such as the commercial which spells off a catchy tune a few times, then ends with only the first half of the song-- the almost universal tendency is to complete the song... A similar example is a commercial which begins with a few pieces of a puzzle and fills in the rest of the pieces while you listen to the sales pitch-- the drive, of course, is to complete the picture before the commercial is over.

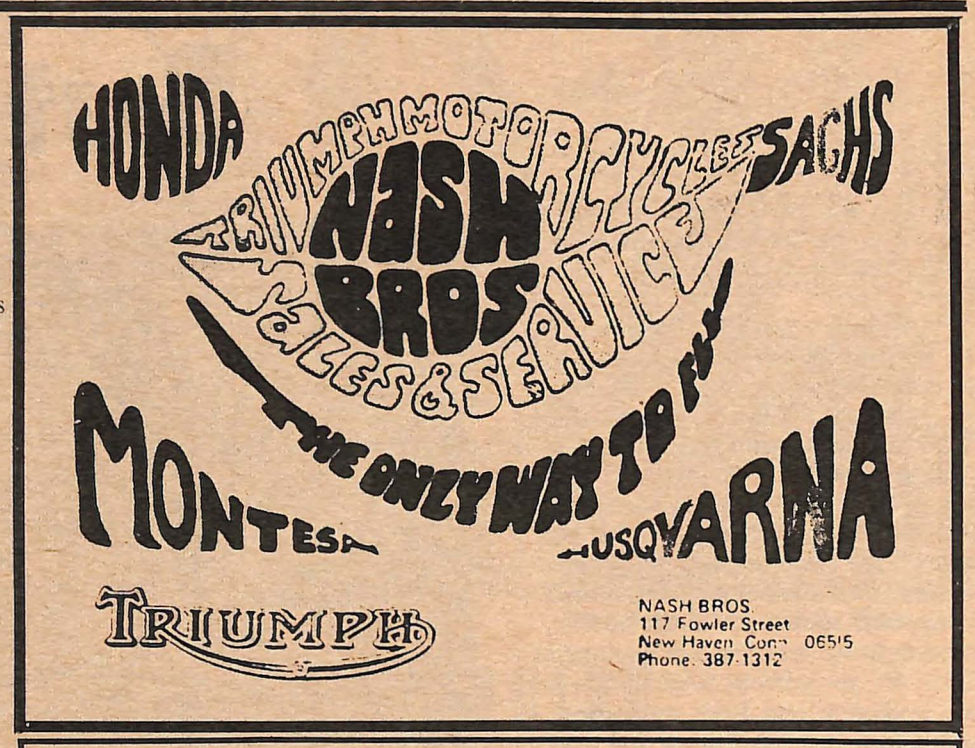
Wertheimer proposed several laws of perceptual grouping that are generally accepted today. We tend to group stimuli on the basis of their proximity; objects that are close together tend to be perceived as belonging to the same group. There is also a tendency to group on the basis of STIMULUS SIMILARITY. A third principle of conceptual organization is that of CONTINUITY: stimuli that seem to form continuous patterns are perceived as wholes. Finally, there is CLOSURE: stimuli that form part of a recognizable whole tend to be perceived together...

McLuhan's work is loose and synthetic, drawing syntheses and analogies, making comparisons and drawing connections, in original ways requiring a large degree of abstractness of thought and originality, in other words a flexibly or explorationally-oriented mind. In my first year of law school, I studied (and learned) under the tutelage of a legal genius, who pointed out that one of the two things for which smart people are noted is the ability creatively to draw analogies between apparently disparate entities or processes. He went on to say that this intellectual ability was not, however, the work of the lawyer, and that the legal memorandum was not to be an exercise in creativity.

We train, then, our "best" (and probabalistically our future leadership) minds to work from within cages, so that the people who tomorrow will be running the machinery of whatever contemporary state exists will be working within rigid and unimaginative frames of reference. Their pictures will be mirrors of themselves and representationally-oriented, not collages of objectively perceived (i.e. with a minimum rather than a maximum of preconception) reality or events.

Their photographs will consist of snapshots through expensive cameras of their families posed in front of landmarks they visit.

This interesting datum points to criticisms of legal education, the court system, and our form of practicing government.



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But Fidel Lives

Phil Singerman

In Cuba there is rationed food, little to buy, hard work, racial prejudice, bad housing, male chauvinism.... True or false?... True.

So people are very unhappy and are against communism and Castro? True or false?....False.

Cuba is not the starving dictatorship that the straight press would like us to believe, nor is it the revolutionary utopia that some radicals would like us to hope. What is it then? To find out, 20 ex-Peace Corps volunteers (members of the radical Committee of Returned Volunteers) spent eight weeks this summer living, traveling and working in Cuba. We saw schools, farms and hospitals, worked in cane fields and coffee plantations, met communists and reactionaries, wandered around Old Havana and labored on the Isle of Youth.

We came to realize that to judge Cuba fairly we had to keep in mind that it is part of the "Third World," the underdeveloped countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America whose combined population of 2 billion lives in misery. 800 Indians starve to death daily on the streets of Calcutta. Each day 100 Columbian babies die from hunger. A Bolivian of thirty is an old man, his body destroyed by years of hard work in the tin mines. Hundreds of millions of people cannot read or write, live on a dirt floor, eat only rice and potatoes, have never seen a doctor.

In 1958 conditions in Cuba were little better than those just described. In the past ten years life in Cuba has changed greatly. It was the conclusion of of everyone in our group that the Cuban government has done more to meet the needs of the people than almost any other government in the Third World.

Before the revolution, medical care was only for the rich. Now medical care is free for everyone, and hospitals are built in the rural areas where they are most needed.

Before, some people ate very well, but most people ate very poorly. Now, food is distributed by the government, and each person is entitled to the same amount.

Before, people lived in shacks, housing was scarce, and rents were very high. Now people pay only 10% of their income on rent. In houses built since 1959, rent is free, furniture is free, water is free, and electricity is free.

Before, there were only a few schools, and a high school education was available only to those with money. Now, education is free for anyone who wants to study. For the thousands of students who live at school, free means tuition, room, books, clothes, haircuts, toothpaste, transportation. Hundreds of new schools have been built, thousands of teachers have been trained, and even some military camps have been changed to schools.

Baseball games are free, public telephones are free, and of course there are no pay toilets.

There is more to describe, much more, including the change in spirit of the people and the dignity and pride of the average person.

The big question, of course, is how were the Cubans able to get this level of economic wealth. The answer is surprisingly simple and obvious.

The Cuban revolutionaries saw that a small number of people controlled the country's wealth, that these people used the wealth for their own profit and pleasure, not for the development of the country, and that this situation had existed for several centuries. The revolutionaries then decided that to give all the Cubans a fairer share of the country's wealth and to develop the country economically, they would have to take the wealth away from the rich. So they did. But they also saw that because of years of stagnation everything would not be possible at once, and that certain choices would have to be made. For example, they decided that tractors were more important than automobiles and medicine more important than cosmetics. This means that Cubans have to travel in buses and that lipstick is scarce – but it also means that the country's agriculture is developing and that medicine is available for those who need it.

Even harder decisions were made. Fresh meat is exported and canned meat is imported, with the difference in price used to buy machinery for factories and ships for transporting sugar.

The result is that many consumer items are scarce or not available in Cuba. Even food is rationed. But what is available is distributed very equally. Many Cubans we spoke to complained about the shortages, but they also realized the reasons for the shortages. Some people also said that the government officials took advantage of their position to get certain items, but the same people said this wasn't very widespread. Corruption is probably a human condition; in Cuba there is far less than in any other Third World country in the experience of our group.

Other economic difficulties are due to the inexperience of the Cuban revolutionaries. In the early 1960's most of the trained people who had previously held privileged positions left Cuba. Revolutionaries with no economic experience were forced to plan the economy. Naturally, they made many mistakes, some silly, some serious. But the country survived and the people learned through experience.

We were very interested in the role of youth in Cuba. Dropping out of school, smoking dope, or growing long hair are discouraged because they are considered protests against the social revolution, and are associated with the United States and what it stands for. The Cubans feel that in a poor country no one has the right to do nothing while others are working hard, that the building of a more decent society requires everyone to do his share.

Slums still exist, so does racial prejudice, so does male chauvinism. It is difficult to eliminate centuries of problems in one decade of revolution. However, housing is being constructed, the government is actively trying to change attitudes toward women, and racial prejudice is decreasing. Cuba is no utopia... it would be foolish to think it is.

For many Cubans life now includes sacrifice, but with purpose and progress. For other Latin Americans, life also includes sacrifice, but without purpose or progress. The Cubans call their country the first "free territory in America." Increasingly, other Latin Americans will look look towards Cuba as a model for their own societies.

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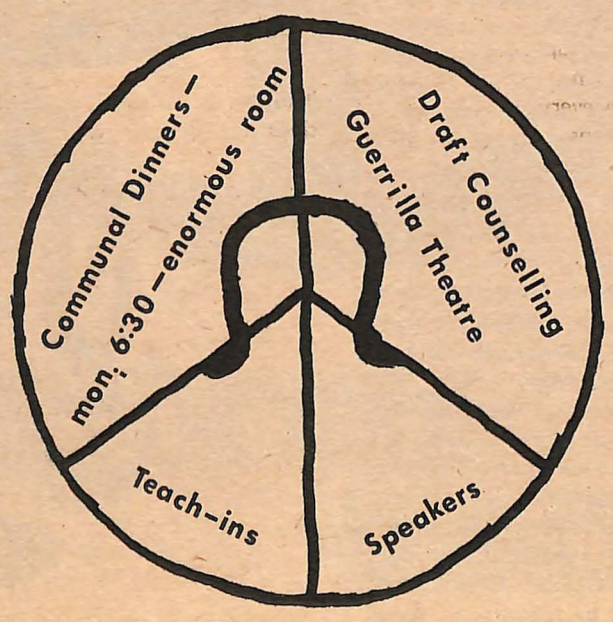

532 State St.

Mitch Kapor

New releases: The perennial Al Kooper has a new band called (logically enough) the Al Kooper Big Band featuring Al noodling on the organ. Listen to "Blues, Part IV," a not so subtle cop on Blood, Sweat and Tears, and "Magic in My Socks" dedicated to Alexander Portnoy. Clever, no?

Moon Dog, a familiar figure to New York City residents has composed a symphonic album for Columbia Records. Mostly known for his ultra-strange appearance, the album is not half-bad, relying heavily on tricky rhythms for its punch.

In the bargain department, Warner-Reprise Records is offering "the 1969 Warner-Reprise Record Show" or "Son of Songbook." The double album features Jimi Hendrix, the Mothers, the Fugs, Tiny Tim, and the rest of the Warner-Reprise stable. For only $2.00 it's a bargain and well worth owning. Send your bread to Creative Service Dept., Warner-Reprise Records, 3701 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Cal., and ask for the "1969 Record Show."

Coming Soon: Noel Redding's band, *Fat Matress,* will be out in about ten days. Mitch Mitchell will stay with Jimi Hendrix Sky Church group. An army buddy of Hendrix replaces Redding. Jack Bruce's *Songs for a Tailor* is being pressed now. Jack gets help from Jon Hiseman and Dick Heckstall-Smith (both of Colloseum) and Felix Pappalardi on production. WYBC has both these albums and is featuring cuts regularly.

Donovan will be appearing at the Bushnell Auditorium in Hartford on Oct. 15. The Stone Balloon will not be reopening according to Fastback, its ex-manager. A bootleg Bob Dylan album has appeared in Los Angeles. It contains the famous basement tape recorded at Woodstock with the Band. It contains "The Mighty Quinn," "I Shall Be Released" and seven others. The double album also contains raps and acoustic guitar cuts from 1961 before Dylan signed with Columbia. Hopefully, copies will be filtering back East soon.

The Beatles: *Get Back* has been delayed until December for Christmas release. A 160 page book will be part of the package. The book written by *Rolling Stone* staffers is a documentary of the recording session and contains interviews, etc. Meanwhile the boys are back in the studio recording again. Incidentally, they have enough material already recorded for an entirely new album including rerecordings of "Love Me Do" and "Blue Suede Shoes." Hot damn!

Jim Ground, before Jake Blum split.

fewer but heavier

Jim Ground is now only four. They played at the Exit last Saturday and I could feel the beginnings of new directions for them, or as Bob the Bass player put it, "We're all full of funk. Jake was lighter, he kept us on the light side too. Now that he's split, we're doing things the way we always felt them." They write most of their own material, but Jake Blum's sudden departure caught them short of words in places, and, more important, left them without adequate control of their voices, which seems to be a problem for most bands. They're not wasting any time doing something about it though; they have a house and "nine acres of swamp in East Haven, which keeps people out," K.C. Young, their incredible organist, told me. And their soundproof studio sees a lot of use. They laid down some 22 tracks with instrumentals over at Synchron with Doc Cavalier recently, and 9:00 AM finds them all practicing vocals with the tapes; afternoons are for instrumental practice, and dinner interrupts individual practice which often lasts far into the night. Maybe I can see Jake's point of view when he said he didn't want to work so much....

Work is a bit hard to find, but the group is optimistic, and plans to work for about $300 a night. The Exit isn't worth that except on a really good night, and, outside of the Stone Balloon, there aren't many consistent places to play around New Haven. I asked them why they were here (K.C. and Bob come from Tennessee), and they said, "Fate, I guess..." They're going to try to do something with their songs in New York, and if they get their vocals down and the problems with the drums ironed out, they make make it — let's hope so.

Peter Moncure

CATCH IT AGAIN

I imagine that most people know that *Blow-Up,* now playing at the Crown Theater, is good and a lot of them will go to see it for entertainment. Beautiful. Do it again and again; *Blow-Up* is a rich film. And while you're being entertained see if any of the following helps you get beyond that entertainment thing into something else: new critical awareness, expanded consciousness, something like that.

The photographer portrayed in his everyday life is a modern characterization of the search for truth, the attempt to grasp, to hold on to reality, the quest for epistemological certainty. In the world around me, how do I know what is real. An important question, for, unless I want to live/act in a world of falsity and illusion, I must comprehend what is real and true before I act, or recognizing the futility of perceiving truth and reality, I cannot act at all, but must remain in a position of eternal reflection. The photographer lives/works at neither end of this reflection-action dialectic, but attempts to resolve the conflict with the aid of the camera, an instument that ostensibly reproduces a direct reflection of reality. He is not merely a professional photographer recreating artificial siuations in his studio; his camera accompanies him everywhere in his world in that intense attempt to grasp reality. And that search takes him to a park and a couple in the distance. Yet having captured that reality, it becomes evident that reality is a much larger subject than the direct reflection of the world via the film medium; and thus begins the whole story.

In the opening scene the photographer confronts a group of masquerading mods, surreal, creating their own reality; he gives them money and continues in his own world. In the final scene he confronts them again, surreal, creating their own reality; that time, he accepts, if only for a moment, that reality as valid, thus affirming the possibility of creating a reality beyond the empirical. Perhaps the masqueraders do represent the possibility of creating alternative realities but the possible irrelevance of their alternative is posed in the opening contrast between their reality and the grim reality of the workers.

Which brings us to the film's comment on the nature of existing society, or more accurately, the nature of work in a modern, technological society. Technology has provided the photographer with his work. He works, and therefore lives, a life without involvement, where the surrounding world is composed of reified objects to be observed, to be photographed, to be fought over — but all with a very transitory meaning created only by a specific moment of opportunity and circumstance. This is the predicament of everyone caught up in the modern world, but the photographer symbolizes it best. The photographer has a subjective view of the world which the camera objectifies. When something does finally occur that engages him beyond superficiality, he maintains interest in the situation as an object. Only when confronted with a reality that is truly a surreality is the photographer able to transcend life/work conditioned consciousness and for a brief moment become totally involved. The tennis pantomime is something he does not photograph, but rather observes, slowly getting involved until finally, laying down his camera, he totally accepts their reality, a reality beyond the exterior, objective reality that can be captured with a camera.

And we catch a brief glimpse of the possibility of transcending socially conditioned consciousness, of creating an alternative reality, of getting people to take an initial step beyond an inhuman world. But it was only a glimpse, not a promise. It is up to us to create that new reality, that new life style, injecting a slowly developing form with a politically conscious content: a new culture promising to give way to a new politics.

ANOTHER
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entertain
ments
PRESENTATION

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Carporation: '64 Rambler sedan excellent condition, overhead 6. Call Richard Hexter, 624-4246 fast, faster, fastest and it's yours.

My chick is coming in from Calif.; needs apartment to share. If you have one or know of one, call me. Bob 934-7049.

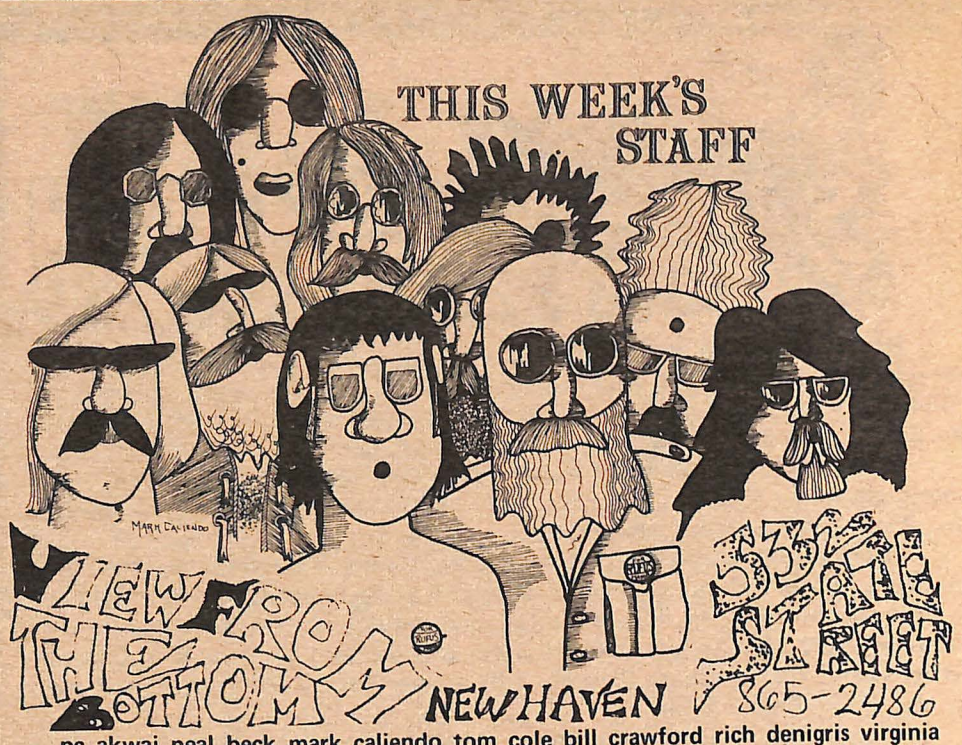
FOR SALE 1 army dress (new) Coat Contact Roy 865-2155.

People with crafts for sale on consignment, jewelry, pottery, clothes, beads, leather, etc. Underground Ill. Co. rt. 5 Wallingford, 269-4261.

WANTED: a groovy chick with a good sense of humor, very personable, open-minded, digs rock as well as jazz, likes sports cars, ale, no hassle. Call 469-6062 or write Box 672, NH.

Hip guys and chicks who dig rock and blues WANTED to help form a music review magazine. Call Dave at 776-2974.

For sale: 1967 Honda Scrambler, $450. Call 1-734-3906.



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SEPTEMBER

Thursday	18	Exit: Suna (Rock Band)
	18-20	Antique Show, North Greenwich Congregational Church, North Greenwich
	18-21	Eastern States Exposition, West Springfield, Mass.
Friday	19	Exit: Geof & Judi (Folk)
	19	Flick: The Birds†
	19-21	Guilford Fair, Guilford Fair Grounds, Guilford
Saturday	20	Concert: Eastern European and Russian Folk Music. Yale Russian Chorus. Woolsey Hall, Yale, 8:30 PM
	20	Exit: Children of God
	20	Flick: Gate of Hell
Sunday	21	Conn. Quarter Horse Show, Conn. Horsemen's Grounds, East Hampton
	21	Folk Dancing: Hendrie Hall, Yale, 8–11 PM (Instruction from 8–9 PM)
	21	Exit: Children of God
	21	Flick: Caine Mutiny
Monday	22	Resistance Dinner, 211 Park St., 6 PM
	22	Exit: Theatre Night
	22	Flick: African Queen
Tuesday	23	Exit: Theatre and Fold
Tuesday	23	Exit: Theatre and Folk Night
	23	Flick: Blood of a Poet
Wednesday	24	Exit: A raison in the Sun
Tuesday	23	Exit: Theatre and Folk Night
	23	Flick: Blood of a Poet
Wednesday	24	Exit: A Raison in the Sun (Flick)
	24	Flick: The Wild One
	24-27	Shubert Theatre: Arthur Miller's *The Price*
Thursday	25	Flick: The General
Friday	26	Exit: Mike Pope (Folk)
	26	Flick: To Catch a Thief
	26-28	Durham Agricultural Fair, Fairgrounds, Durham
Saturday	27	Exit: Poem (Rock Band)
	27	Flick: The Big Mouth
	27-Oct.5	Danbury State Fair, Danbury
	27-Oct.12	Bristol Chrysanthemum Festival, Bristol
Sunday	28	Folk Dancing: Hendrie Hall, Yale
	28	Flick: New York Film Festival Film (to be announced)
Monday	29	Resistance Dinner, 211 Park St., 6:00 PM
	29	Flick: Closely Watched Trains
Tuesday	30	Flick: Man With a Movie Camera

OCTOBER

Wednesday	1	Flick: Monkey Business
Thursday	2	Exit: The Key (Flick)
	2	Flick: Mocambo
	2-5	Stafford Fair, West. St., Stafford Springs
Friday	3	Exit: John Carrie (Folk)
	3	Flick: The Stranger
	3-5	Berlin Fair, Berlin
Saturday	4	Flick: The Good, the Bad and the Ugly
	4-5	Harwington Fair, Harwington
	4-5	Auto Races: SCCA Regional Championship Race, New Thompson Speedway, Thompson
Sunday	5	Folk Dancing: Hendrie Hall, Yale
	5	Flick: Hour of the Wolf
	5	All Arabian Horse Show, Conn. Horsemen's Grounds, East Hampton

† Flicks are at Linsley-Chittenden Hall, Yale (High St. between Chapel and Elm) unless otherwise noted. There are two showings, at 7 and 9:30 PM. Admission is 75 cents plus an investment of 50 cents for a card.

The Bread and Roses Coffeehouse is now open daily except Monday from noon until midnight. It is on 538 State St.

MEDICUS AQUARIUS

Can you get birth control pills for free?

Welfare covers the cost of just about all pills prescribed in hospital clinics, and that includes birth control pills. If you're not on welfare, you have to pay. Discount drug stores now sell the pills for as little as three cents apiece. Most anyone should be able to hustle up that kind of 'spare change.' In my experience, New Haven's community hospital has been very helpful to people seeking advice or help on birth control.

If a person with serum hepatitis gets bitten by a mosquito, and the same mosquito bites another person, can the second person get it?

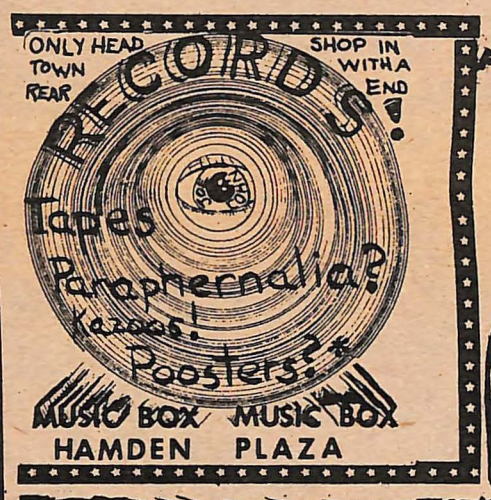
The virus that causes serum hepatitis makes its home in the blood stream. You can acquire the disease by being exposed to very small quantities of the blood of someone with hepatitis--as little as one thousandth of a drop of blood may do. While improperly sterilized syringes and blood transfusions are common sources, shared razor blades and tattoo needles are also causes. The experts I asked agreed that even a mosquito could carry the virus from your friend to you. However, if the mosquito takes a good mouthful when he bites you, he usually won't bite again for two weeks. Whether mosquitoes actually get sick with hepatitis from the virus is another question (Beware of Yellow Mosquitoes!). Blood transfusions are carrying increasing risk in big cities where drug freaks are frequent donors. In San Francisco, for each pint of blood you receive you have a three per cent chance of getting hepatitis. The reason that these donors aren't weeded out is that most cases of hepatitis aren't apparent-- the victim doesn't feel or appear ill. Even though you can see the whites of the eyes of the friend you share a needle with, don't trust his blood stream. If you do suspect possible infection, a shot of gamma globulin may give some protection against the disease, or lessen its possible severity.

Is sperm fattening? Can you become allergic to it?

Whether it's fattening depends on how you take it. Orally, it contains about fifteen calories, depending on your friend's generosity (preparation for the meal usually uses up that much energy). Taken vaginally, you will occasionally gain twenty pounds over the next nine months, but you quickly lose it back. By and large, it's a safe part of any diet (it can be a true 'macro-biotic'). There are some very rare cases of allergy to sperm, and among infertile patients this may account for one case out of a hundred. The allergy is specifically to your particular bed partner and can be treated by a period of condom use (so that the sperm doesn't touch the woman). Initially, doctors thought that the allergy only developed during intercourse. They found that some women who had stopped screwing remained allergic. It turned out that they were swallowing sperm which kept the allergy going. I should reassure you that this problem is very uncommon. Eat, drink, and otherwise be merry.

I've accumulated a number of questions on drugs, which I promise to get to next issue.

Doctor Aquarius is a subjunctive New Haven psychiatrist. He welcomes your questions and comments. Write to VFB, 532 State Street, New Haven.



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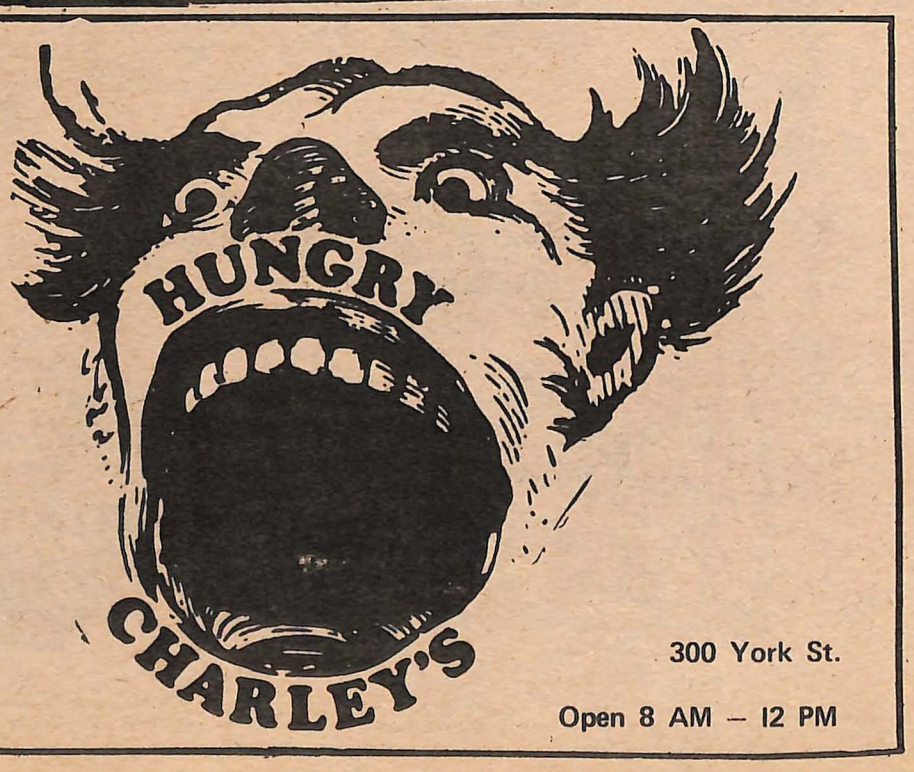

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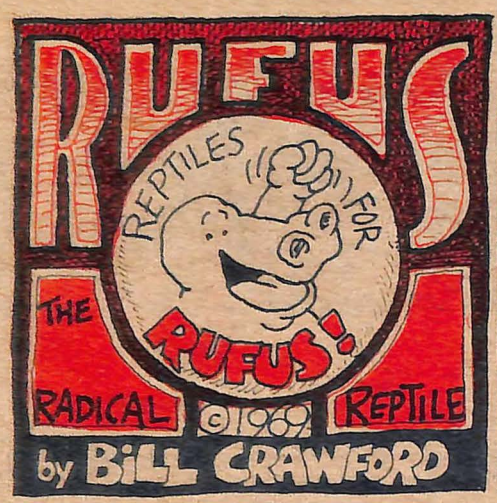
RUFUS
REPTILES FOR
THE
RUFUS!
RADICAL
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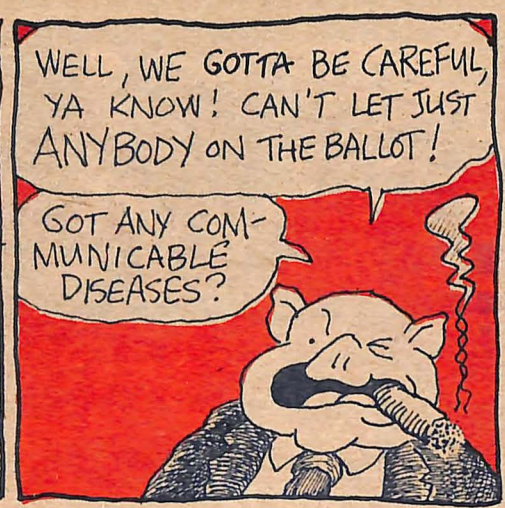
REPTILE
by BILL CRAWFORD

I WANTA GET ON THE BALLOT!
IZZATSO?
IN
OUT
UP
DOWN

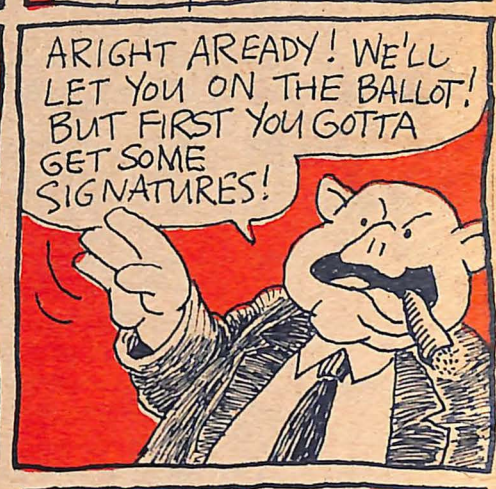

WELL, WE GOTTA BE CAREFUL, YA KNOW! CAN'T LET JUST ANYBODY ON THE BALLOT!
GOT ANY COMMUNICABLE DISEASES?

HAVE I GOT ANY WHA?
OH... THINGS LIKE PACIFISM, ANARCHISM, SOCIALISM...

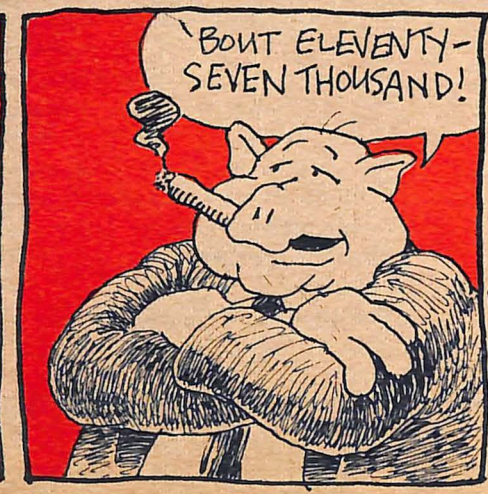
YEAH!... I'M SICK OF WAR AND SICK OF GETTING PUSHED AROUND AND SICK OF GETTING SKINNED ALLA TIME!
THAT'S WHATA MEAN, SON! THAT'S WHATA MEAN!
POKE!

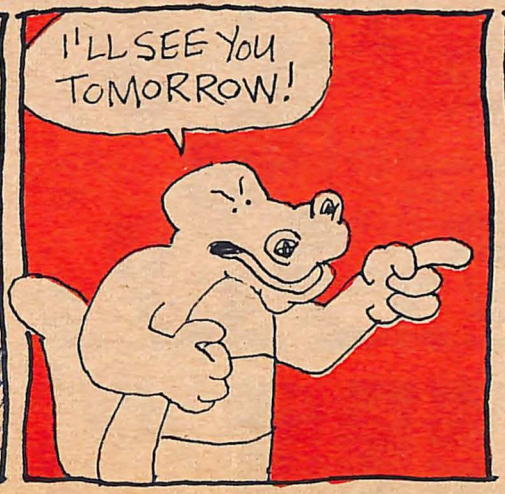
WHY THOSE ARE THE VERY THINGS THAT MADE THIS COUNTRY GREAT!

I CALLS 'EM THE WAY I SEES 'EM!


ARIGHT AREADY! WE'LL LET YOU ON THE BALLOT! BUT FIRST YOU GOTTA GET SOME SIGNATURES!

LIKE, HOW MANY?
-BILL CRAWFORD-9/69


'BOUT ELEVENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND!


I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW!

HAW!
TAP TAP
TO BE CONTINUED!

ALMA
MATER
HELP
BASSO